try; and it is perhaps natural, until the general mind become fully awake to the importance of art-culture, that it should lean most to those mechanical, commercial, and other sciences, which have mainly contributed to our national importance.

But true greatness in a people must arise from the cultivation of all the faculties of the mind. It takes both "the beautiful and the useful to form a man:" the mind, like the body, must grow in all directions;—the moral, intellectual, and imaginative faculties being alike developed. We must cultivate the entire man, and bring ourselves in contact with the universe in every possible point; and not only endeavour to expand our own natures, but introduce the principle into every system of education; so that all may enjoy, not a partial, but, as far as practicable, a complete and universal culture.

It appears probable that a much greater uniformity in education existed among the classic ancients, when we consider how equal was their encouragement of the different branches of intellectual pursuit. In Greece we perceive that not only literature, philosophy, and science, but the fine arts, were carried to the highest point of perfection. This, the multitude of exquisite monuments of art still existing fully attest. The brilliant period from Homer to Alexander was characterized by this uniform mental pursuit. Learning and literary composition—every species of philosophy—eloquence—the art of war—are known to have arrived at the highest degree of perfection, and yet were not in advance of sculpture and architecture; illustrated at this time by the chisel of Phidias. In fine, the whole circle of arts and sciences may be said to have disputed for pre-eminence with each other. We may apply the same remarks to the Romans in the reigns of Augustus and Adrian. At the same time, the art they cultivated was not *fine* art only. The aqueducts, bridges, and cloacæ of the latter people have been the models of the grandest works of a similar nature in modern Europe.

On the relative importance of art,—its rank among the various branches of human pursuit, I will content myself by quoting a celebrated living writer:—"There are two avenues from the little passions and drear calamities of earth, both lead towards Heaven and away from Hell,—art and science; but art is more godlike than science; science discovers,—art creates. The astronomer who catalogues the stars cannot add one atom to the universe. The poet can call a universe from the atom. The chemist may heal with his drugs the infirmities of the human form: the painter or the sculptor fixes into everlasting youth, forms divine, which no disease can ravage, and no years impair."

Schiller, in his philosophical and æsthetic letters, insists upon the necessity of æsthetic as a preparation and foundation for moral culture, and considers that until we are so developed we cannot be morally free, and, by consequence, not responsible, as the will has no sphere in which to operate. And Sir Joshua Reynolds, even in his day, considered an establishment for such culture as a subordinate school of morality. He contended that it was necessary to the happiness of mankind and security of society, that the mind should be elevated to the idea of general beauty, as a mean of giving it its proper superiority over the common scenes and temptations of life.

The Platonists looked upon the cultivation of the understanding, by the study of science, as no less necessary than the practice of virtue, to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a future state; and Plato himself has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics of the soul, as being the most proper means to free it from error, and give it a relish of truth. May not, I would ask, a cultivation of the sense of beauty be deemed a more approximate means to this end? Real works of art should be the most intimate companions of the soul: the man to whom they are mute, to whom they reveal nothing, will learn little of a moral or spiritual nature from books, and must have but faint notions of his connection with ex[ternal] nature,—of his relation to the uni[verse]. I know there are persons so absorbed in the [ordi]nary business of life, that this would sound in their ears like an unknown tongue. There are not wanting men, slaves of utility, who would crush every emotion of the heart as weakness, and quench every spark of imagination. They admire the powers and faculties that, in the present state of society, most rapidly lead to wealth, and despise those which have been the brightest glory of our race, and the chief spur of civilisation. Such persons will, however, in common with others, look back with admiration and pride at the great achievements of men in the past history of the world, and particularly of their own countrymen; forgetting that from these very faculties they affect to despise, have chiefly resulted all that dazzles in the past, or in the present possesses any real dignity or importance. We feel the limits of the human understanding, and, the more profound our researches in philosophy, the more palpably we experience it. We see the boundary-line beyond which our minds cannot penetrate; but we are, at the same time, conscious of a void beyond that limit, which superior intelligence might penetrate. It is by the creative faculties that this is to be filled up; hence their advantage over reason. The imagination, swifter than the wings of the morning, transports us through the universe. The reason is limited, but the imagination is boundless. By it we approach the Infinite, and are linked to the Divinity. It is to other than reason that the heroic deeds of those great spirits who have created epochs in chronology are to be ascribed. The great wonders of the ancient world were not the result of reason. The greatness of man is most apparent when he works from the feelings—his power over his fellows more complete when he holds them by the chords of the heart and imagination.

The Arts, which will be treated upon in the following paper, are those of Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, Music; the latter two will be occasionally referred to, but my attention will be chiefly given to the three former. To form the genealogical tree of art, my course will be to trace its essence or principle—the beautiful—from its source; which will divide the subject into three distinct branches:—there are three realms of the beautiful, viz. Nature; the Human Mind, or Imagination; and Art itself.

On the first head little need be said. The most interesting of the three kingdoms of Nature is the animal: the highest species of beauty is to be found in that department. The human form and face divine,—the index of the character and passions,—is the chief subject involved in the style called historic, the highest walk of art. The beauty exhibited by the other creatures of God is various, but harmonious. Among the savage tribes of the forest, in the depths of the sea, in the regions of the air, beauty reigns and rules in every mood:—all is animated grace. What beauty is renewed to us every morning! The eastern sky is a flood of glory, and the morning dew sprinkles the earth with diamonds. The glory is repeated in the evening, but is only a prelude—a mere earthly pageant—to the more glorious exhibition of the starry firmament—

> "When the heavens
> Are thronged with constellations, and the sea
> Strewn with their images."

This is the sublimest picture, the highest class of art, in the gallery of inanimate nature. Philosophy has no power equal to these luminaries of night, these monitors of the sky, to elevate the heart above the cares and anxieties of life.

Beauty is to be found in nature in all seasons; it is not the nymph of the summer, but the goddess of the year. From green-robed Spring, whose voice,

> "More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
> Or Lydian flute, can soothe the maddening winds,"

to Autumn, clad in the hues of the rainbow: nor beneath Winter's snowy mantle and icy zone is it altogether concealed.

But the theme is endless: it is vain to enter into details: in the most insignificant objects of nature we find the traces of the beautiful. What delightful curves in leaves, shells, grasses! What exquisite harmony of colour also in some of the most ordinary plants and flowers! in the plumage of the feathered tribe! seeming a link between earthly and ethereal creatures; beauties greater and more numerous than appear to the common observer; beauties that only the artist can rightly appreciate; for the eye requires training and practice to see fully the beauties of creation. How wonderful, again, is the effect of motion upon all! What elegance in the movements of some animals, particularly of the human form. A charm ever new and inexhaustible. Beauty is but half developed when at rest! Æneas, in Virgil, knew Venus to be a goddess at first sight, but only discovered her to be the goddess of beauty when she moved:—

> "And by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known."

Motion generally is expressive or suggestive of beauty:—

> "Thou canst not wave thy staff in the air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it forms the bow of beauty there,
> And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

After a survey of the glories of creation, the thought that first suggests itself to a reflective mind is the general indifference of mankind to it. The beautiful in nature, like the beautiful in art, has too few, and among these too many lukewarm, worshippers. For too many, nature may be said to waste its loveliness on the desert air. Beauty is above, around, and beneath us, and we do not heed it. We tread on beauty and know it not. Many are born, live, and pass away, with scarce a glance on the beautiful world in which they live. There are many fossils, plants, and other works of nature, that we scarcely notice, or at best with indifference, which, if they were produced by art, would be preserved as treasures, and admired without bounds. We think little of nature's beauties, perhaps, from their being so commonly about us. How often do we find men who would stand in apparent rapture before a painted landscape, that would pass the original with indifference; and be unmoved by the sublimest effect of sunshine and shadow when presented by nature! Showing, however, that it was a conventional, rather than a true and genuine, feeling for the beautiful, by which they were excited. How often do we find the physiologist in ecstacies with the scientific beauty of a subject, while utterly heedless of the charms that address him through the medium of form! The botanist also, whilst busy defining and classifying, too frequently loses some part of his enjoyment, by the non-contemplation of the æsthetic, along with the structural, grace; forgetting the marriage of beauty and science; forgetting that nature speaks through these creatures to the eye and the heart, as well as to the reason and intellect, by their transcendent beauty of form and colour. At the same time it must be granted that the pleasure of the artist would be enhanced by the scientific knowledge of fitness,—adaptation of means to end,—and the union of the various parts to the accomplishment of the contemplated result, which natural objects exhibit. Like poetry and music, the æsthetic and scientific beauties of objects may be said to stimulate each other, raise the thoughts, and enhance the pleasure of the spectator.

In truly great minds, however, in all ages of the world, there has existed a deep-rooted love and veneration of nature. Milton considered it "an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicings with heaven and earth." "Here," exclaims an old English poet, in reference to woods,—"Here is the true Parnassus, Castalia, and the Muses." And so charmed were the classic poets with the natural shade of trees, that they gave to temples the name of groves. In the vistas and shades of trees, poets have composed verses which animated their countrymen to heroic and glorious actions. Here orators have delivered their discourses, and the profoundest philosophers have been so enamoured of nature's beauties as to be content to pass their lives in her bosom, in repose and contemplation. Among the luminaries of the middle ages, how prized must have been flowers, since we find them named after whatever was most valued. Nature is the great storehouse of art, and in the infancy of the latter, and prior to the refined pleasures which art affords, being extensively diffused among any country or people,

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